I read it in the Grammer long ago.
Moore Iuſt, a verſe in *Horace*, right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Aſſe.
Heeres no ſound ieſt, the old man hath found their gilt,
And ſends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſſe well a foote,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her reſt in her vnreſt a while.
And now young Lords, was not a happy ſtarre,
Led vs to Rome ſtrangers, and more then ſo
Captiues to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Demet. But me more good to ſee ſo great a Lord,
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend vs gifts.
Moore Had he not reaſon Lord *Demetrius*,
Did you not vſe his daughter very friendly?
Demet. I would we had a thouſand Romane Dames
At ſuch a bay, by turne to ſerue our luſt.
Chiron. A charitable wiſh and full of loue.
Moore. Heere lacks but your mother for to ſay Amen.
Chiron. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Demet. Come let vs goe and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Trumpets ſound.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chiron. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a ſonne.
Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurſe with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords, O tell me did you ſee *Aron* the
Aron. Well, more or leſſe, or neere a whit at all, (Moore
Heere

5 And ſends their weapons—

Heere *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?
Nurſe. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. Why what a catterwalling doſt thou keepe,
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurſe. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empreſſe ſhame, and ſtately Romes diſgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, ſhe is deliuered.
Aron. To whome?
Nurſe. I meane ſhe is brought a bed.
Aron. Wel God giue her good reſt, what hath he ſent her?
Nurſe. A deuill.
Aron. Why then ſhe is the Deuils Dam, a ioyfull iſſue.
Nurſe. A ioyles, diſmall, blacke, and ſorrowfull iſſue.
Heere is the babe as loathſome as a toad,
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime,
The Empreſſe ſends it thee, thy ſtampe, thy ſeale,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy daggers point.
Aron. Zounds ye whore, is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowes, you are a beautious bloſſome ſure.
Deme. Villaine what haſt thou done?
Aron. That which thou canſt not vndoe.
Chiron. Thou haſt vndone our mother.
Aron. Villaine, I haue done thy mother.
Demet. And therein helliſh dog thou haſt vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damb'd her loathed choyce,
Accurſt the offſpring of ſo foule a fiend.
Chiron. It ſhall not liue.
Aron. It ſhall not die.
Nurſe. *Aron* it muſt, the mother wils it ſo.
Aron. What muſt it Nurſe? then let no man but I,
Doe execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. Ile broach the tadpole on my Rapiers point,
Nurſe giue it me, my ſword ſhall ſoone diſpatch it.

20 ſweet blowes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[6]) Octavo